# UR CHILDRENS PAGE, MADE BY CHILDREN

# for the Best Story

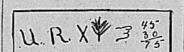
Do you realize that you have been writing very long stories recently—longer than can be well published in one issue of the paper? Well, you have, and now the editor feels obliged to call a length limit, in order to have sir play for all club members. Do ot in future allow your stories to xceed in length 300 words. New deas and bright ideas can be clothed words and gain in force there-low, remember this, unless you to have your stories consigned to the waste basket. Write snappy descriptions of incidents and experiences in the life that goes on around you, or indulge your imagination to the top of its bent—within prescribed

sper only, and write neatly. Send in nawers belonging to the puzzle de-artment carefully written out on seppartment carefully written out on sep-arate slips of paper. Always say-"se-lected by" instead of "composed by," when it is proper that you should. Hallowe'en is approaching, and so the editor proposes to give the medail for October to the boy and girl who, before November 1st, sends in the best illustrated Hallowe'en story. It must contain not over 200 words, and the drawings for it must be done on white paper, with black ink.

WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS. er Henry Erlich, 1717 East Franklin Street, City. Miss Mary Louise Fleetwood, Dispu-







were sent to Richmond and stayed at the depot some time, One day a man came down for us in a two-horse wagon. We were then carried to a dry goods store, and the man unpacked u. and put us in a large slow case. One day a man came in to buy one of us. As he was looking at us, he decided to take my brother, who was next to me. I was afraid he was going to get me, but he did not. About a week after, a woman came into buy one of us. She was looking at me mighty hard, and I certainly thought she was going to get me, but she did not, and I was mighty glad. Well, Christmas was drawing near, and we would sell faster then because Santa Claus would buy us for some little children. Again another man e me in to buy one of us, and he decided to take me, and I was so sorry to leave my brothers and sisters. He carried me home, and gave me to one of his children, and after they finished with me, they gave me to a voor little girl, who never did get anything. There I stayed for some time, and was torn up one morning to make up the fire; so that was the last of me.

Written hy

PRFSTON NASH ANDERSON, Beazley, Va.

A LITTLE BOY'S SERMON.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

II.

Together with his stepbrother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Raleigh besought the Quen to give him means to fit out to give him means to fit out to give him means to fit out the general the give him means to fit out the stay of the Quen to give him means to fit out the stay of the Quen to give him means to fit out the give him he east. She readily compiled with his stepbrother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Raleigh besought the Quen to give him means to fit out the give him means to fit out the stay of the Quen to give him means to fit out the stay of the Quen to give him means to fit out the stay of the Quen to give him means to fit out the stay of the Quen to give him means to fit out the stay of the seas. She readily compiled with his stepbrother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Raleigh besought the Quen to give him means to fit to the Quen to give him means to fit the was highty distinct the

### A LITTLE BOY'S SERMON.

scream and kick when she wants to wash and dress you."

Here Eddle looked a little ashamed and said:
"But she pulled my hair with the comb."

comb."
"People musta't talk in meelings,"
said Harry. "Fifth. be kind to kitty.
Do what will make her purr. and
don't do what will make her cry.
"Isn't the sermon most done?" asked
Eddle: "I want to sirg."

Eddie: "I want to slym."

And without waiting for Harry to
finish his discourse or give out a
hymn, he began to sing.

ALMA S. BOELT.

News Ferry, Halifax county, Va.

THE WAYWARD SON.

In the land of golden sunshine, Down on the Southern shore, There waits a dear old mother To see her son once more.

A year ago they parted.

He to lead a gayer life,
Amid the scenes of pleasure,
Away from toll and strife,

His letters have been fewer, His life is filled with joy; But the mother's heart is broken, How she loves her wayward boy! Yestermorn he sent a message, It read, "Expect me home, For I'm coming, dear old mother, Never more to roam."

So her sweet, old face is brighter, And her eyes of hoaven's blue Are like they were in younger days, And perhaps as winsome, too.

As she sees him coming
And hears the song of birds,
Her tender heart is much too full
Of love, beyond mere words.

She smiles and greets him gladly, But his handsome face is sad. And the mother longs to see the look That long ago it had.

I've come to you and daddy,
To stay forever, dear,
For my heart was with you always,
Although I was not near.

"Tve been in trouble, mother, And my sine are not a few: But my heart is not too hard for love, For daddy or for you."

The mother kissed him fondly,
And a sad, sweet smile she were,
"Remember, sen, the One who said,
'Go and sin ne more,' "

"If perhaps in other days
You go again to roam,
There's a mother waiting always
In your childhood's happy home."
Beleated by EVA RENNOLDS WOODY.

DREAMING.

Sweetheart, the day is dying;
Fast fades the light;
The birds are homeward flying;
Twill soon be night. And when the stars are gleaming So far above. Tis then that I am dreaming Of you, dear love.

Then when the moon is glowing.
So bright on high,
And winds are gently blowing,
For you I sigh.

I seem to see you, darling, Just as of old, While on my arm is falling Your hair of gold.

Before you, then, I'm kneeling— Oh! days that die so fast— The shadows 'round me stealing Brings back the past. Twas when the birds were calling,

One summer night, And shadows offity falling, Your soul took flight. And now the days are dreary;

So is my home;
My heart is ever weary,
Roaming alone.
Selected by AMANDA CORDES,
131 Howard St., Prospect Hill, Lawrence, Mass.

THE EXPLOSION.

"The West mine has exploded,"
Came from every lip in town,
At half-past 5 in the evening
It was known to all around. This mine is one of the oldest,

A hole like this is a place of death, For it, it has great fame, It was quitting time for those inside;
They were getting ready to go.
When all at once they were stricken
down
By gas; it laid them low.

Those outside saw a cloud of dust Come puffing out of the mine; They know at once what had happened For this was a very bad sign,

A rescue party was quickly formed Of men with hearts so brave; Two of them stayed within this hole, And went with others to the grave.

Thirty-six souls this deathtran claimed The after-damp remaining still.
To others was a warning.
Composed by JULIAN P. BABER.
Pocahontas. Va.

## Letters From Our Children.

Dear Editor,—Please send me a badge and liew me to become a member of the T. D. C. Yours traity, CHARLES J. EVERETT. Greenfield, Va.

Lear Editor,—I am sending you a puzzle, high I hope is good enough to put in the , D. C. C. Page. Please send me a hadge Yours truly, ARCHER WILSON, News Ferry, Halifax County, Va.

Dear Editor,—Inclosed please find a composition on "Sir Walter Raieigh," which I tope will deserve being published. Please end me a badge. Your new member, WARY A. GILLIAM, 202 S. Jefferson St., Petersburg, Va.

Petersburg, Va-

Dear Editor,—Inclosed please find a pic-ture that I just finished. I have not written to the T. D. C. C. for a long time, so guess you have forgotten me. Hoping to see this picture published soon, I remain, yours truly, 1717 E. Franklin. HENRY ERLICH.

Dear Editor.—I found my piece printed in the paper, and thank you very much for printing them. I will send you a drawing of a jar of flowers, and I hope it will win the prize. We are going to school now. I will close. Your member.

Newville, Princess George County, Va.

Dear Editor,—Inclosed you will find a sketch of the battle of Chickamauga and a charade. I hope to see them in the Sunday's paper. Wishing the T. D. C. C. much success, I am, your member, GEO. CARRINGTON CALLAWAY, JR.

ember. PRESTON N. ANDERSON. Beazley, Va.

Bearloy, Va.

Dear Editor.—We cartainly were glad to see our drawiners and stories in the pener; hene to see them in this time. See one of us won a ories, but I do not know who. It was in my name, but I was in the other's story, so I expect he set it. When you write to all the shillers tell me shout it. From your members.

ALMA AND ERNEST BOELTE.

News Ferry, Va.

Dear Editor.—I send in this letter a deswine of "Buster Recoun," which I home will assent the waste basket as I would like year mind to see it unlessed on the T. D. C. C. Dear. About the middle of the summer I can't would story and the waste basket as I would like year mind to see it unlessed "We Guinea itse!" which was printed as a rive story, and my mans was a green the nelse winners, but you do not send me any uries of the hadma which I saled for. Won't you send them to me had your feland.

R. F. D. No. 2. Normaton, Va.

Dean Editor.—We have at last routen a

them to me news. Varie federal

R. F. D. No. 2. Securitor, Val.

There Editor will have at last rotten a teacher few our school. The teacher and the deet day of this mostly. The teacher ancilled school and we had very little about in recording in venes. I have school editions in the deet day of this mostly. That is a very small school and we had very little abouting in venes. I have school edition in the few of the few